

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and long articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.
7. Whatever you say—Be true!
8. Straightforwardly act.
9. Be honest—in fact.
10. Be nobody else but you.

POETRY.

At Bedtime.

When Mother reads a story, 'tis before we go to bed.
There's not one of all of us that is a sleepy head.
We gather 'round an' crowd up close about her rockin' chair.
An' as she reads we listen to the light a-glowin' on her hair.
Oh, Jimmy's eyes get big as plates, an' 'Marjorie's eyes get big as plates.
An' Betty sits with tear-stained face, because the story's sad.
Real sorry the dear old man who's dead.
When Mother reads a story 'tis before we go to bed.

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I lean up close and hold the book so she can put my head.
For when the giant's yellin' fierce it's awful nice to know.
That Mother's arm is holding you an' will not let you go!
O! Buddy's mouth falls open most, he gets so filled with fear.
An' Helen's eyes grow bright like stars, an' when the end is near.
We hear the word "They happy lived forever"—it was said.
When Mother reads a story 'tis before we go to bed.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

The golden robin has arrived from the south—returned to his old nest in the elm tree.

His plumage is just gold and black, and he was called the Baltimore oriole because his colors and Lord Baltimore's colors were the same, although he had been wearing them thousands of years before Lord Baltimore was born.

No one can tell how this bird learned to make half-hitches or to tie firm knots before man had acquired the skill to do it. In the long-ago these birds must have had fierce enemies or they would never have hung their nests like pouches on the withy sprays at the end of the branches where nothing larger than ants could venture to annoy them. Some parts of the nest seem to be made of mud together with long horsehairs, and the male bird finds the vegetable fibre and the wool and those or feathers and the female weaves the materials together and binds them so the highest winds will not dislodge them. They have been called "hangers" because of the way they suspend their nests from the branches.

In one of their nests a naturalist discovered a strand of grass over a foot long, and it was put through the material 24 times in stitches and a horsehair was woven through 14 times in a space of 10 inches. He thought it might be possible to teach the birds how to darn stockings.

Their loud and jubilant calls are very much like the red-breasted grosbeaks, but their call is not quite as shrill but more frequent.

They only spend a small part of the year with us, and then with their young they fly to Central America, 2000 miles away, spend the winter there, and then fly back to us.

It is a source of pleasure to know the birds and to be familiar with their habits.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Bertha Adelman, of Yantic—The Boy Scouts and the Army Air Ship.
- 2—Cecilia K. Sterry, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Submarine Boys' Lightning Cruise.
- 3—Eugene Zigmayer, of Norwich—Phil Brady at the Wheel.
- 4—Sophie Musial, of Mansfield—Where my Allies Under Two Flags.
- 5—Eileen Frink, of Norwich—Ruth Fielding at Silver Ranch.
- 6—Catherine Fish, of Springfield, Mass.—Daddy Brown and Sister Sue on Grandpa's Farm.
- 7—Catherine McVeigh, of Norwich—Daddy Brown and Sister Sue on Grandpa's Farm.
- 8—Leona Sullivan, of Norwich—Ruth Fielding in Dixie.

All winners of prize books may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Anna Gorman of Lowell, Mass.: Please accept my sincere thanks for the prize book you sent me.

Robert J. Partridge of Lowell City: I thank you so much for the prize book you sent me. I was very pleased when I received it.

Miss Emily of Colchester: I received the prize book, Ruth Fielding in Dixie, and I think it is very interesting. I thank you ever so much.

Charles W. Bruah, of Fitchville: I thank you very much for the prize book sent me. I have read it through. The name of the book is "The High School Boys' Fishing Trip."

Hazel McDaniels, of Mansfield: I thank you for my book. I think I will try again and see if I can win another.

Albert Mathewson, of Versailles: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I am going to work on a farm and will send you another story when I come back.

Katherine Gorman, of Versailles: I received the nice prize book you sent me. I have read it through and found it very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Lost Gold Piece.

Some years ago a girl named Alice Warren lived in New Hampshire. On her twelfth birthday her father gave her a gold dollar, of which she was very proud.

She carried it to school and showed it to her friends. Then she put it in her desk and it rolled into a crack, but Alice did not see it.

When school closed at noon she opened her desk to get the money, but it was gone. She told her teacher and she tried to find it, but did not succeed.

Alice went home and ran into the house crying.

"What is the matter?" said her mother.

"Sadie Thompson has stolen my gold dollar," said Alice.

"Did you see her steal it?" asked Mrs. Warren.

"No," said Alice, "but she sits at my desk, and I know that she took it."

Her mother told her that she must not accuse Sadie.

The next morning Alice went to school, and she was very cross at Sadie.

Sadie asked her why she was cross at her, and she said:

"Sadie said she had not taken it, but Alice did not believe her."

At recess Alice told the girls that Sadie had stolen her money, and poor Sadie's heart was almost broken.

Some of the boys were laughing at her, and she was very sad.

One day about a week afterwards Alice opened her desk to get a book, and she saw something bright in a crack.

She dug it out with her pencil and found that it was her gold dollar.

Sadie said she had not taken it, but Alice did not believe her.

"O, Sadie, I have found my gold dollar in a crack of my desk. I am very sorry you stole it from me."

Sadie kissed Alice and said:

"Yes, I stole it, but I was very hungry. I was so hungry I would have eaten anything."

After that Alice and Sadie were good friends again.

—LEONA SULLIVAN, Age 12, Taftville.

Jacob.

I was eating my dinner one summer afternoon when I was about 10 years old. I was sitting at the table with my father and mother.

My father was talking to me about the gold dollar that I had found.

After that I thought God that He had made the gold dollar for me.

That evening I told my father of my adventure. I found the gold dollar and I was very happy.

—HYMAN RABINOWITZ, Age 11, Norwich.

A Woodchuck.

One day when I was on my way to school, I saw a little brown animal in the road. It was a woodchuck.

for my aunt's home, for we were a little tired. It didn't take us long to get there in a jiffy.

When we arrived she had dinner ready, and it tasted good.

After dinner Caroline gave us each a pretty Easter basket filled with Easter eggs and Bunny rabbits. Then we sat and listened to the records she had on her talking machine.

We enjoyed them very much, and the time passed so quickly it was time for lunch before we knew it.

Our next thought was of getting home. We didn't get home as early as we had planned, but we wasn't quite late.

We were very tired but well pleased with our day's outing.

—ALICE ZIEGELMAYER, Age 7, Norwich.

A Thrilling Ghost Story.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have read the stories written by the Wide-Awakes, and enjoy them very much, so I thought I would write a story.

Alice had just heard a thrilling ghost story and was on her way home alone.

She was a little girl and although she was not very brave, she was startled by every noise she heard, thinking it to be the ghost, which she had heard about.

She would not do, so she began to run. She was following her. She dared not look around, so she kept running.

The sound in back of her continued till, at last as Alice was nearing her home she summoned up courage to look back.

She saw a figure standing in the dark, and to her great surprise and amazement, instead of seeing the ghost, she saw a man in a white coat.

He had taken to her friends with her. She had forgotten the dog, but the dog was not there.

When Alice reached home she told the family of her adventure and they all joined in laughing at her.

—ELLA KINDER.

Mildred's Pet.

Dear Uncle Jed: One night when Mr. Swift, a friend of ours, came home from his work he had something unusual to tell us.

He told us that he had found a little white dog in his car.

He said the dog was very smart and he must have been very kind because I saw him some time afterward.

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—MILDRED H. KNOWLTON, Age 10, Mansfield Center.

My Easter Vacation.

Dear Uncle Jed: One week before Easter my uncles wrote that they were coming to see us.

My father went to Williamstown Saturday afternoon, the 7th of April.

My father and my uncle rode as far as the barn and then my uncle got off the horse and walked slowly.

He said he was very tired and he was very hungry.

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—SOPHIE MUSIAL.

The Girl Who Knew More Than Her Mother.

Dear Uncle Jed: There was once a girl who thought she knew more than her mother.

She was a little girl and she was very smart.

—MARY EVANS, Age 12, Plainfield.

Home Economics Club.

TOMMY TIDD.

Tommy Tidd says:

There was a fly in our town, and he was wondrous slip.

He climbed upon the gravel bowl and he took a little dip.

He scrambled o'er the butter and he smeared it on the floor.

He tried his humble handiwork upon the kitchen door.

He floated to the garbage can and he found it full of worms.

We hit him with a spout! Then he came to terms.

and I ride down with my sister to the mill where she works.

I ride because my brother can't drive, but now I take him with me to learn him to drive.

Every Saturday and Sunday my father and I carry manure and spread it on the ground.

We put our manure in a manure room and in the room there is a hole about three feet deep.

So it is hard to throw the manure into the wagon.

One day (on Tuesday), I was absent because on Monday while carrying the manure the back wheel broke.

I had to ride to the blacksmith's to have it fixed. It stayed till twelve o'clock.

Then I took the horse by the bridle and walked home.

I gave the horse a dinner and ate dinner myself. Then I rode five miles to our neighbor's to get a wagon.

I came home I carry manure and spread it on the ground.

My brother helped me un hitch the horse. Then we hitched up the other horse and rode for my sister.

When she came home we had to churn butter, saw wood and do many other things.

We haven't much work to do in the barn because we have only three cows and three horses.

It takes us a little while to do the work.

—ISADORE RHEIN.

A Lost Child and a Policeman.

Dear Uncle Jed: One bright sunshiny day in June, Mary asked leave of her mother to go to the fair.

Her mother said, "Yes, you may go, if you will promise not to go very far."

Mary was so serious and anxious to get the sturdy gurdy man that she had no time to wait to hear the rest of her mother's reply, but hurried eagerly down the street with a happy throng of children.

The hand organ man played many songs, some of which were, "Old Black and White," "The Old Folks at Home," "America," and other songs, very nice.

The hand organ man's monkey danced very amusingly for the children, and was so interested in the monkey that she did not see the children dropping out one by one.

Soon all the children had gone and what was left were strangers. Mary had never seen before or heard of.

The hand organ man kept moving on and on, each time drawing nearer the city and soon Mary was left to mourn over herself in the dark.

All of a sudden she began to sob. Attracted by her sobbing, a policeman came to assist her.

This policeman was very kind and loved each child as if they were a member of his family.

He said: "What makes you cry, my little one?"

"I can't find my way home," sobbed Mary.

"Where do you live?" asked the policeman.

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